

WASHINGTON THE GREAT.

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CELEBRATION

OF THE

SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY,

OF THE

GREENVILLE GUARDS,

WITH THE

ORATION OF CAPTAIN W. C. MCGOWAN,

OF

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

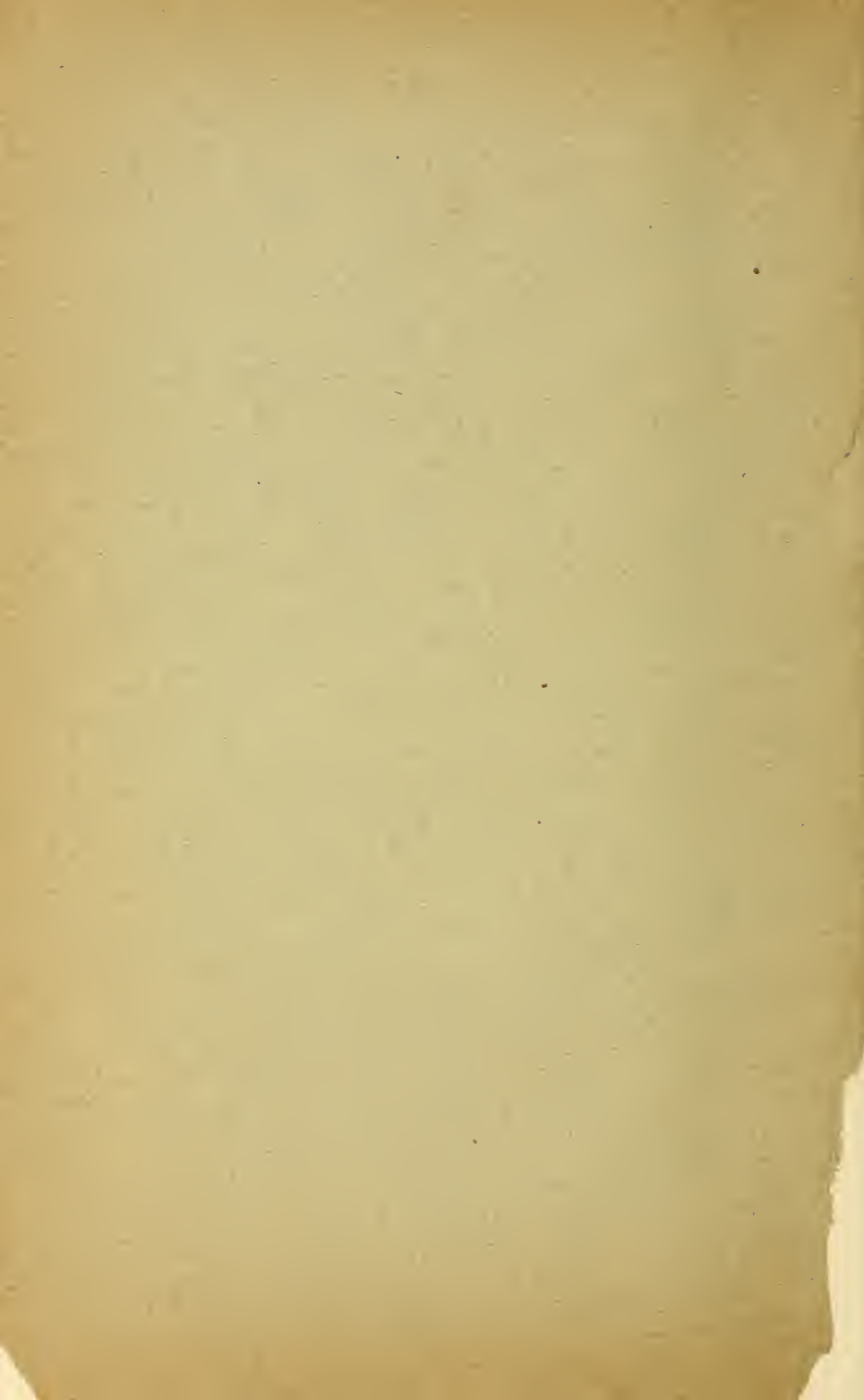
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GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA,  
WASHINGTON'S DAY, 1893.

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Press of the Daily News, Greenville, S. C.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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*The Greenville Guards to Captain W. C. McGowan:*

GREENVILLE, S. C., February 28, 1893,

*Captain W. C. McGowan, Abbeville, S. C.:*

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in enclosing you an official copy of the resolutions adopted by the Greenville Guards at a meeting held on the 27th inst.

I beg to express the hope that you will favorably consider the request contained in the resolutions.

Very respectfully

A. R. MORGAN,

Secretary G. G.

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*The Resolutions:*

GREENVILLE, S. C., February 28, 1893,

At a meeting of the Greenville Guards, held on the 27th inst., the following resolutions were offered by Lieutenant Conyers and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Greenville Guards are due and are hereby tendered Captain W. C. McGowan, of Abbeville, S. C., for his eloquent and scholarly address delivered by him before this Company at their Anniversary, Washington's Day, 1893.

Resolved, That the above resolution be forwarded to Captain McGowan, with the request for a copy of his address for publication by this Company.

Resolved, That Captain W. C. McGowan be elected an Honorary member of the Greenville Guards.

ELLISON A. SMYTH,

A. R. MORGAN,

Captain G. G.

Secretary G. G.

*Captain W. C. McGowan to the Greenville Guards :*

ABBEVILLE, S. C., March 6, 1893,

*Mr. A. R. Morgan, Secretary Greenville Guards,*

*Greenville, S. C.*


DEAR SIR:—Your communication, dated February 28th, only reached me this P. M. I take the earliest opportunity for replying.

I am exceedingly grateful to my Greenville friends, the Guards, for their very kind resolutions adopted on the 27th February, and am gratified that they should think my address worthy of preservation. I enclose the manuscript as you request.

With my sincere thanks to your gallant command for the honor done me, and with my best wishes to them for a long and prosperous career, graced by many such delightful celebrations as your banquet of 1893, I remain,

Yours very truly,

W. C. MCGOWAN.



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# THE GREENVILLE GUARDS.

SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSIARY,

February 22nd, 1893.

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*From The Greenville, S. C., Daily News, February 23d, 1893 :*

## OUR GUARDS IN GLORY.

Appropriate and Enjoyable Celebration  
of Yesterday.

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Captain McGowan's Oration Last Night—A Fine Effort Thoroughly  
Appreciated—The Life Story of the World's Greatest  
Man—Last Night's Banquet—Colonel  
Armstrong's Beautiful  
Tribute to  
HAMPTON.

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The Greenville Guards are to be congratulated on their celebration of Washington's birthday. It was a thoroughly delightful occasion and a perfect success from beginning to end, and will be memorable in local annals as one of the most well arranged and completely executed occasions the city has ever known.

There was a large gathering of friends of the company in Ferguson's hall. The ladies were present in very large numbers and appeared to enjoy the exercises heartily.

The stage was handsomely and appropriately decorated. At the rear were three large flags draping the entire width of the stage. The United States flag was in the middle, a silk State flag hung at the right and at the left was the Confederate flag with the inscription :

“Though conquered we adore it,  
Love the cold dead hands that bore it.”

Life size portraits of Captains Norwood, Sloan and Smyth in full uniform stood on easles, facing the audience, and the

frames were trimmed with evergreens and flowers. At the front were two full stacks of rifles with belts and cartridge boxes on them. On the walls of the dressing rooms flanking the stage were large W's of rifles.

As usual with Greenville people, the audience was late arriving and it was 8 o'clock when the members of the company marched in, in their handsome uniforms and with military precision went to their place at the front row of seats. There were on the stage Capt. E. A. Smyth, commanding the company and presiding, Lieutenants Conyers, Bentz and Anderson, Chaplain Mercer, Surgeon Wilkerson, Col. James Armstrong, of Charleston, Judge J. S. Cothran, Capt. W. C. McGowan, the orator of the occasion, Col. J. C. Boyd, in uniform, Maj. J. A. Mooney, of the Butler Guards, Col. J. W. Cagle, Mayor Gilreath, Col. J. A. Hoyt, Julius C. Smith, J. F. Richardson, R. G. McPherson, James H. Maxwell, Charles McAlister, H. J. Haynsworth, Frank Capers, L. W. Parker, C. Garlington, of Spartanburg, J. S. Cureton, A. W. Anderson, C. McAlister and other distinguished guests and citizens, most of them in full dress or uniform.

The Rev. I. M. Mercer, chaplain of the company, opened the proceedings with prayer. A little stir went through the audience when, in giving thanks for the existence of the organization to maintain law and order, he spoke of "cruel and inhuman murderers going about our streets" and the apparent difficulty in having justice done.

Miss Ellie Earle, daughter of Col. J. H. Earle, performed brilliantly on the large piano standing in the hall the *Marseillaise* Hymn, the martial strains of which thrilled the audience and evoked its applause.

Captain Smyth said, just fifteen years ago at a celebration similar to this by the company he then had the honor to command, the Washington Artillery of Charleston, it had been his privilege and pleasure to introduce as the orator of the day, that eminent soldier, Statesman and jurist, General Samuel McGowan. To-night he had the pleasure of introducing to a Greenville audience, the worthy son of a worthy father; Captain William C. McGowan, of Abbeville, the orator of the Greenville Guards.



Captain McGowan then advanced and was received with warm applause. His oration occupied nearly an hour in its delivery and was universally commended as a model of fitness for the occasion and compliance with its purpose. He was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. What he said was thoroughly well said—often eloquently said—and covered the ground of Washington's career and character with vivid touches and with wonderful completeness.

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There was prolonged applause as Captain McGowan concluded one of the most useful, complete and compact oration ever prepared for such an occasion, and the enthusiasm was renewed a few minutes later when "Dixie" dashed and sparkled from the piano under Miss Earle's fingers.

The chaplain then pronounced the benediction.

#### THE BANQUET.

After the address by Captain McGowan at Ferguson's hall, the Greenville Guards and their guests assembled in the parlors of the Mansion House. At half past 9 o'clock Guards and guests proceeded to the dining room to enjoy the rich banquet prepared by Mr. Gates.

Capt. E. A. Smyth presided, introducing the Rev. I. M. Mercer who asked the Divine blessings upon the assembled company and friends.

Thirty-three members of the Guards were present in uniform and sixty reserve members in full evening dress.

Among the invited guests were Colonel Armstrong, of Charleston; Colonel Boyd and Lieutenant Colonel Mooney, of the Fifth S. C. Volunteers; Captain McGowan, Judge Cothran, J. C. Garlington, R. L. Todd, J. E. Hazell and Lieutenant E. M. Blythe, of the Butler Guards.

#### THE FOLLOWING IS THE MENU :

Lynnhaven Bay Oysters, Half Shell  
Norfolk Selects, Stewed.

Kalamazoo Celery,	Queen Olives,
Chicken Salad,	Sliced Tomatoes,
Champaigne, Extra Dry.	

Boned Turkey.  
Aspic Jelly.

Boiled Magnolia Ham.  
Current Jelly.

Salmon Salad.

Fruit Cake.

Plain Cake.

Assorted Cakes,  
Monticello Claret.

Newport Ice Cream.

Greenville Guards Punch.

Assorted Fruits.

Assorted Nuts.

French Coffee.

Green Tea.

Sweet Milk.

After an hour and a half spent in the enjoyment of the delicious viands, Captain Smyth arose and in a short happy address introduced Col. J. A. Hoyt to respond to the toast.

"The day we celebrate. Glorious in the annals of our Commonwealth as the birthday of him we call the father of his country, and as the anniversary of the Greenville Guards."

Colonel Hoyt's response was a glowing tribute to the memory of Washington, taking the "Farewell Address" of the great patriot as the key note of his remarks, commending his sublime character as the model, comparing the last great American, Grover Cleveland, with the first and greatest of all Americans. There was a hearty response to the eloquent and patriotic speech.

The next toast, "The Orator of the Day, eloquent and silver tongued. We owe him thanks for his able address this evening."

This toast naturally called Captain McGowan to his feet and he commended the Guards for their patriotic efforts to keep alive the old time custom of observing the day and more especially their marked success in keeping up the standard of the company by frequent social and other unions. He intimated that he had been heard enough for one evening and said he would resign the floor to the eloquent son of Charleston, Colonel Armstrong.

The third toast:

"Wade Hampton. Manly man and soldier Statesman. The true type of a South Carolina hero."

Colonel Armstrong was greeted with rounds of applause

when he arose to respond.

He introduced himself by a series of humorous remarks which at once caught the attention and interest of all present. He spoke of Hampton as the great Carolinian. In chaste and striking language, he followed the history of Hampton through the war, relating the pathetic and dramatic scene when Hampton's son was killed at the side of the father—the soldier hastily dismounting, kissing the pale brow of his dead boy, then leaping into the saddle and dashing like a god of war into the thickest flame of carnage madly driving the enemy before him. Then he traced Hampton's career through the strife of '76, leading his people to victory and redeeming his State from the hands of knaves and thieves. Then his service in the Senate of the United States and the love and respect shown him by his associates was touched upon. There was a pause. It was a wonderfully dramatic situation as the speaker stood with hand raised and pronounced the words:

"Wade Hampton is now a private citizen."

There was a hush—a painful stillness as the words were uttered. The orator spoke of the age of the hero, how before many years he must go to join the glorious and glorified spirits of Jackson, Stuart, Lee and the hosts of others who had fought with him. Then the stars and the sun would shine on the narrow mound which hid Hampton from view, but on his heart would be written "the Confederacy-Carolina," and the people would say he was "The Great Carolinian."

The other toasts of the evening were read and responded to as follows:

"South Carolina. Glorious in her past, yet hopeful of her future." H. J. Haynsworth.

"The Judiciary. Mightier than the bayonet, stronger than passion; in its majestic presence the weak grow valiant and the oppressed become free." Judge J. S. Cothran.

"The City of Greenville. The Pearl of the Piedmont. May she continue in her onward march of progress and prosperity." Mayor W. W. Gilreath.

"The Fifth Regiment, S. C. V. T. Where duty calls,

there you will always find them." Col. J. A. Mooney.

"The Butler Guards. The brave custodian of an honored name. We hail them as brothers in arms." E. M. Blythe.

"The Press. The sentinel of civilization. To its watchfulness we look for warning as danger approaches." J. Conway Garlington.

"Woman. Oh, woman! Lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man. We had been brutes without you." L. W. Parker.

At a late hour, or rather an early hour, the banquet closed with the unanimous opinion that it was a most delightful one.

# CAPTAIN MCGOWAN'S ORATION.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The most striking object which meets the eye as you near the splendid Capital of our country, is a towering obelisk. No base reliefs surround its broad foundation. No carving nor sculpture. No deep cut letters of praise or epitaph. No figure crowns its lofty top. A simple massive marble shaft, it reaches heavenward nearly 600 feet. One need not be told that this is Washington's Monument, and gazing upon its perfect proportions and marble purity, one can but feel the influence of its silent grandeur and its stately dignity. A nation's tribute to her greatest son.

"When Phaon, the sophist, consulted the oracle, he was directed 'to enquire of the dead,' and turning to the records of their wisdom, found the answer he sought "

It is well, my friends, to occasionally review the life of some great and good man. It is well for the young of our land to have held up to them the high qualities and great achievements of our forefathers, so that they may, as far as possible, pattern after them. We should always strike high. We can approximate if we can not attain.

Of perfect characters we have had but one, He who spake as never man spake before, and worthy of all imitation; but of mere earthly men after careful study, I deliberately say, that all in all, the worthiest, highest, and best example, of the many which the world has given us, is that of George Washington.

When your kind summons to appear before you on this occasion, first reached me, I determined to speak of Washington as the typical American, as it were, applying his standards to the men and measures of to-day; but as I read more and more of this wonderful man, I determined to speak only of him. I shall never repent my choice. It has at least made me familiar with his career, and taught me to appreciate his worth, and if by what I say to-night, I can

induce any of you to go and do likewise, I will feel amply repaid for whatever time and study I may have given the subject. We do not know enough of Washington. How many of us have read his life? We know he was called the father of his country, and are familiar with the story of the hatchet and the cherry tree, and other mythical traditions, being content to go no deeper into the subject. We are inclined to think of him as a high, pure man, something above mediocrity, who luckily came upon the scene during the infancy of our country, when great men were scarce, and achievements exaggerated; and we are apt to think that if he was so good, he could not have been so great. This should not be. I confess to being one of those who underestimated him, but, I also confess that since studying his life and character, the whole current of my thought is changed; I now consider him the greatest of our many great men. I am therefore grateful to my Greenville friends, not only for the honor of being called to address you, but also for the opportunity which otherwise I might never have made, of becoming acquainted with this illustrious man.

Washington's life is so full of stirring incident from earliest youth, and his character so worthy of careful analysis, that it is impossible to do justice to either within the limits of a popular address. We must, therefore, to use the metaphor of Coleridge, "tell the story by flashes of lightning," present our hero at different times and under varied circumstances, review the opinions of great men, and see what impression is left of his character, as a General, as a Statesman, as a Man.

"Biography is the best part of history," and it is only by the study of the character and motives of the leading spirits of an epoch, that we can arrive at a just conclusion concerning the events which marked it; and from what limited study I have been able to give the period which includes the birth and infancy of this great Republic, Washington appears in all sober truth as the God-given father. To use the words of another, "heaven granted us one great soul, one leading mind, to extricate the best cause from that ruin which seemed to await it."



Washington was a soldier from his cradle. In his boyish games he loved to play captain, and early turned his thoughts to the study of war.

At the age of nineteen, during the French and Indian wars, he was commissioned Adjutant-General of the Virginia forces, and at twenty-one, he was made commander of of the Northern Military district of Virginia by Governor Dinwiddie.

At twenty-three, his vigorous defence of Fort Necessity having stamped him as a man of uncommon military talents, he was commissioned commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. For the next three years he defended a frontier of more than 350 miles with 700 men; and in 1758 he led the expedition which captured Fort DuQuesne, re-naming it Fort Pitt.

These early campaigns, with all their trials and experiences, went far to form the character, and fit the man for his future destiny. The French and Indian war being over, he resigned his commission, married Mrs. Custis, a rich widow, settled at Mount Vernon, and for the next twenty years lived the life of a typical Virginia planter, which included, at that time, an active part in the politics of his native State.

On the 15th of June, 1775, on motion of John Adams, in the Continental Congress, he was unanimously elected "General and Commander-in-Chief of such forces as are, or shall be, raised for the maintenance and preservation of American Liberty."

His eminent biographer, Irving, says of him: "Washington had but little private life. his was eminently a public character;" and from the date of his election as Commander-in-Chief of the army, his great career begins. What other character, after facing the search-light of public opinion for more than one hundred years, stands forth as flawless as his?

Hear his modest reply when informed of his election. "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored

with." To appreciate this honor, we must remember that to some extent the same feeling between North and South, existed then as now. Puritan against Cavalier. Massachusetts and Virginia were rival colonies. The war had actually begun in New England; two battles had been fought, and the army was then commanded by a New Englander. Yet, Washington is nominated by a Massachusetts man, and elected unanimously in a body where New England sentiment predominated. This shows conclusively what his contemporaries thought of him.

He now begins his wonderful campaign of eight long, weary years, during which the weight of his cares and responsibilities constantly increased, from the siege of Boston, the final triumph of which was long deferred through opposition to his plans, followed by his campaign in the Jerseys, which included what Frederick the Great has declared, "the most brilliant achievements of any recorded in the annals of military action," and so succeeding each other, successes and reverses. Monmouth and Brandywine, Germantown and Valley Forge, through all, suffering and privations which might well have appalled the bravest, to the siege of Yorktown, the crowning victory, when he humbled the haughty Cornwallis on the soil of his own beloved Virginia.

Creasy, in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," selects Saratoga as the all-important event of the American Revolution. With all due respect, I beg to differ from him. It is not surprising that a foreigner, especially an Englishman, should think Saratoga the turning point in our struggle. It was startling to hear of the surrender of Burgoyne and his 8,000 veterans; and more than all, this battle determined the halting court of France to lend us that aid we had so long desired. Hence Creasy's mistake was natural. It was a glorious victory, but it was not the pivot. The tide had turned before Saratoga, and in my judgment the battle of Trenton decided the fate of American Liberty.

During the year preceding Trenton, nothing but disaster had followed the continental arms. We see city after city



fall, and defeat follow fast upon defeat, until hope itself was dead.

Even the patriots lost heart, and the end seemed very near. Washington saw that a blow must be struck, more to revive his own countrymen than hoping to materially weaken his foe. The British, flushed by repeated successes, were sure of their prey. Washington chose Christmas night, when he thought the enemy would be off his guard. He crossed the Delaware amid huge blocks of floating ice, and marched eight miles through a blinding storm of sleet and snow. Many of his men were bare-footed, leaving, as they marched, their foot prints marked with blood. Two of his generals were to have joined him, but none save Washington could accomplish this perilous undertaking. He made the attack alone. As the day began to dawn and his men, wearied and almost frozen, neared the town, we may imagine the feelings of Washington. He halted and thus addressed his followers as they crowded around him: "Soldiers, now or never, this is our last chance, march on."

Never did Napoleon inflame his troops with simpler or more heart-reaching eloquence; and never did patriots win a more important victory. Without fear, and with but little hope, this brave band followed Washington through that awful night, as the Greeks followed Leonidas to Thermopylæ; as the Carthaginians followed Hannibal to Zama, and as these English red-coats followed Wellington to Waterloo, resolved to win or perish.

"Ours not to reason why,  
Ours not to make reply,  
Ours but to do or die."

The despicable Hessians, stupid from their mid-night debauch were stricken hip and thigh, and once more the banner of Liberty floated triumphant to the breeze.

This bold and daring stroke resulted in the recovery of the Jerseys, the renewal of courage and hope, and gained for Washington, in Europe, the name of the American Fabius.

But for this victory, the battle of Saratoga would never have been fought, therefore, I say, Trenton should be reckoned as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

Napoleon, the greatest warrior the world has ever produced, has said that he planned some of his most daring campaigns after Washington's Delaware manœuvres.

Washington knew full well the tremendous issue at stake. Had Hannibal triumphed at Zama the progress of the world would have stopped. Had Washington failed at Trenton or had he been killed or taken prisoner, our Revolution to a certainty would have collapsed, and today, instead of enjoying political freedom and equality, we might still be but an English colony.

It is not fair to compare Washington with other most noted captains. Napoleon had his Old Guard which "dies but never surrenders." Cæsar had his Tenth Legion, which never failed. Frederick had his Grenadiers, invincible. Washington had only the rawest recruits, badly armed, poorly clad, and often without powder. Continual jealousies and dissensions among his officers. An obstinate, and at times, impotent Congress to vex him. With no means of communication, to have carried on this war from Canada to Florida, and after eight years to have ended it with complete and glorious victory, is an achievement which we may well doubt if Napoleon himself could have accomplished.

Think of it! England was at the zenith of her power, ruling in India, holding Gibraltar and thinking herself undisputed mistress in the new world, France having retired in despair from the contest. The colonies were weak and widely separated. No money; no army; no credit. No railroads; no arms; no ammunition. Little of anything except determination, and even that at times forsook all save Washington. Then does it not seem arrogance and presumption in these weak little colonies, to have defied the well disciplined and unconquered armies of the mother country?

Why did we not fail? This is a question often asked and rarely answered. The man who reads history impartially cannot hesitate long. The answer lies in a single word, and that word is—Washington.

Hear his bold and defiant answer when asked what he

would do if the enemy drove him from Pennsylvania, and this when the future was very gloomy; hear his inspiring words: "I will retire to Augusta county, among the mountains of Virginia, and, if necessary, beyond the Alleghanies, but never yield." Never once, in the darkest of the many dark hours during those eight years of terrible struggle, did the heart of Washington fail him. There were times, e. g., the beginning of the year 1776, when he literally stood alone. Doubt and despair had seized upon all, the last spark of hope seemed extinguished, and yet this dauntless spirit stood undismayed. It is impossible to over-estimate the effects upon our cause of this unshaken courage. Unhesitatingly, I say, that but for Washington, the Revolution would have failed, and the contest which gave not only to America, but to the world, the great principle of political equality, would have gone down in history, not applauded as a patriotic revolution, but stigmatized as an ungrateful rebellion.

It is the fashion now-a-days to underestimate Washington as a military man. It is said he was too cautious, and too fond of retreat. Those who allege this, betray their ignorance. This very caution, under the circumstances, proves more than anything else that he was a General equal to the occasion. He knew that pitched battles with the English veterans meant certain defeat, and he adopted the only mode of warfare which could have succeeded, viz.: that of worrying his foe continually, and fighting only when he had the advantage.

Napoleon won his most famous battles by forcing his enemy to fight though unwilling; neither Clinton, Burgoyne nor Cornwallis could ever coax or inveigle Washington into battle unless he himself desired it. Thus, the very argument to belittle, stamps him as a genius.

See him at Monongahela in the fiercest of the fight—two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat. See him at Kipp's Bay, vainly striving to check his cowardly troops by rushing to the front. See him at Princeton, when seizing a standard he galloped between the lines. Read these heroic deeds and who dare say he lacked boldness or dash?

As a tactician and strategist he ranks high. The very fact that the British could never make him fight speaks volumes in his praise, while Trenton and Yorktown are perpetual reminders that he could manœuvre as well as fight. Sir Henry Clinton thought him still before New York, when he was at Yorktown receiving the sword of Cornwallis.

Brave General Wayne, who executed the assault on Stony Point, has admitted that it was all the plan of Washington; and his reply, when asked if he would undertake this hazardous enterprise, is characteristic of the man. It shows not only the undaunted spirit of Wayne, but also his unbounded confidence in his chief. He replied enthusiastically: "General, I will assault Hell, if you but plan it." This splendid attack gave "Mad Anthony" his fame. To judge of Washington as a General, we must take into consideration all the circumstances, means, conditions and difficulties which surrounded him, and when you do this, his military reputation is safe.

While on this branch of my subject, and speaking to a Carolina audience, the temptation is great to refer to Moultrie and Marion and Sumter, our own gallant Generals; and it is hard to pass unnoticed Eutaw Springs, Camden, Ninety-Six, Cowpens and Kings Mountain. Equally hard is it to "hands off" from that Sherman of the Revolution, the cruel Tarlton, but as Washington did command in person in the South, I must desist.

#### AS A STATESMAN.

"It was well said by John Milton, war has made many great whom peace makes small. But of Washington, we can say as Milton said to Cromwell, that while war made him great, peace made him greater." The war being over, and all he fought for accomplished, Washington sheathes his faithful sword and surrenders it to Congress, simply but grandly, the ex-calibur of a stainless knight. For a brief season he seeks the quiet of that rural home which he so much loved, but not for long. The infant Republic is not yet safe from even the perils of its birth, and his clear head and strong arm are needed once again.

The convention is called to frame the constitution, and Washington is unanimously elected to preside over its deliberations. He had much to do with the formation of that constitution which since its adoption has been the admiration of the world. This Federal League, for the purposes of a free people occupying an extended territory, is the most wonderful discovery in the whole range of political science. Its most important feature was Washington's idea. In 1783, in his letter to all the governors of the States, he says: "There are four things which I humbly conceive are essential to the well-being, I may venture to say the existence, of the United States as an Independent Power. First—An Indissolvable Union of the States under one Federal Head," etc., thus showing that the greatest underlying and overlapping principle of that wonderful instrument, novel and all-important, viz.: Home-Rule of the States with a general Federal supervision and control, was advocated by Washington long before the Constitution was adopted. This alone, is sufficient to prove him great as a Statesman.

He spoke but seldom in public, but his numerous letters and state papers are models of their kind.

It is well for us that during the first eight years of our national existence, when both Republic and Constitution were untried, and the world sneered at what they considered a reckless speculation, that Washington was at the helm. But for his wise counsel, and his unceasing efforts to reconcile all differences during this season of awful probation, England might have seen what she so much desired, an early and disastrous collapse of this republican experiment. It has been said that the pen is mightier than the sword, certain it is that Washington's pen was as quick as his sword to respond to his country's call, and performed its part equally as well. His writings were always clear, concise, and to the point. Grover Cleveland, the greatest President since Washington, has given us many terse epigrams which have become proverbial, but Washington rivals him in this. "Cherish public credit." "Observe good faith and justice to all nations, cultivate peace and harmony with all." "In proportion as the structure of a government



gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." And lastly, "The Union, the Union in any event." These are axioms of political economy as true to-day as when he uttered them.

When Arnold returned disappointed from the attack of Quebec, what was the generous greeting of Washington? "No man can command success, but you have done more, you have deserved it."

#### AS A MAN.

If Washington was great as a General; if he was greater in the councils of peace; he was greatest as a man.

His character was exalted, and I feel most my feebleness when I attempt to delineate it. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

He was an earnest, unostentatious Christian. Listen to his words of faith, betraying at the same time the innate modesty of the man :

"When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest, in guiding us through the Revolution in preparing us for the reception of the general government, and in conciliating the good will of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed, by a sense of Divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country."

Again: "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an invincible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which we have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency."

Again: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

Such words come straight from the heart of a good man, and speak to us to-day, if anything, more strongly than one hundred years ago.

Daniel Webster said, at the completion of the monument at Bunker Hill: "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington, and if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

All of Washington's greatness was built upon his sterling character. In every sense he was an honest man, he thought honestly, he spoke honestly, and he acted honestly.

I would say his cardinal characteristics were, high principles, unspotted integrity, down-right honesty, and under all circumstances, sound judgment and "saving common sense."

His patriotism was so pure that power had no allurements or temptations for him. His army wanted to make him a king, and he replied with such scornful indignation as to wither the scheme at its very inception. His jealous officers reported him anonymously to Congress, and he begged that the charges be laid before that body, saying: "Why should I be exempt from censure, the unfailing lot of an elevated station? Merits and talents which I cannot pretend to rival, have ever been subject to it. My heart tells me that it has been my unremitted aim to do the best which circumstances would permit. Yet I may have been very often mistaken in my judgment of the means, and may in many instances deserve the imputation of error." Who has ever shown higher character than this?

Washington's character would be more appreciated had it been more irregular. The public admire the individual more than the national character, and his was pre-eminently national. I mean by this that he lived for his country, and not for himself, always preferring the national good to personal fame. Had he been simply a great General, or a great Statesman, or a great Orator, the public would know more of him; but his mind was so perfectly balanced, his character, on every side, so evenly developed, that like the tem-

ples of old, their very perfection in proportion and symmetry, deceives the eye as to their magnitude.

Webster, in speaking of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which he loved so well, when praise and panegyric seemed to fail him, in simple eloquence, exclaimed: "There she stands;" so my friends, I feel in speaking of the character of Washington. Such a sacred inheritance is not to be loaded with adjective and superlative. There it stands! A priceless heirloom to every patriotic American, whose pleasure it should be to study its every detail, and whose duty it should be to imitate if he can.

I am no idolatrous hero worshipper, and perfection is not of earth. Washington was mortal, and even he had his moments of weakness. But I do say that he manifested as little of the old Adam as ever falls to the lot of man, especially when we remember the flatterers who must have surrounded him, and that great temptations proverbially beset the pathway of the great.

At Monmouth, so justly exasperated was he at the cowardly conduct of Lee, that with flashing eye and burning cheek he braded him to his face and before his command, "A damned poltroon." I am glad to say that this Lee was not the forefather of our own noble Lee.

Towards the close of his career as President, he was greatly harrassed by dissensions between the parties, anonymous letters and newspaper attacks, in which he was spoken of as the step-father of his country, embittered him temporarily, and he declared in a cabinet meeting in 1793, "that he had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since." This dissatisfaction was confined, however, to a few politicians, who were as pestiferous then as now, and had he consented to run again his election would have been unanimous in 1796, as it had been in 1789 and in 1792.

To sum up: In the war of the Revolution—the leader of our army; in framing the Constitution—the President of our Councils; in organizing the Government—the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. Who, before or since, has compassed the half?



## OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Listen to the estimate of Washington by those best able to judge.

John Adams said, in speaking of the various trials which beset Washington, and the violent passions and discordant interests at work against him: "It requires more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding, and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough, to ride in this whirlwind."

Lord Erskine, in dedicating one of his works to Washington, says: "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence."

Charles James Fox apostrophized him, in the House of Commons, as follows: "Illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance."

And from Lord Brougham we add this tribute: "Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

Mr. Gladstone, the greatest living man today, except Grover Cleveland, who, but a few days since at the age of eighty-three, thrilled the world with his matchless eloquence in behalf of down-trodden Ireland. What is his verdict? In conversation he has said that "Washington is the purest character in history," and he deliberately writes: "That if among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, as it would now light, upon Washington." Greater praise hath no man than this.

While the storm of the French Revolution was raging Gouverneur Morris wrote from Paris in 1793: "Happy, happy America! Governed by reason, by law, by the man whom she loves, whom she almost adores. It is the pride of my life to consider that man my friend, and I hope long to be honored with that title."

Count Herzburg who, for thirty years presided over the ministry of foreign affairs under Frederick the Great,

writes to Washington: "I have always admired your great virtues and qualities, your distinguished patriotism, your unshaken courage and simplicity of manners—qualifications by which you surpass even the most noted of antiquity."

Blunt old Benjamin Franklin, distinguished alike for his sincerity and hard common sense, leaves the following record in his last will and testament: "My fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty, I give to my friend and the friend of mankind, George Washington. If it were a sceptre he has merited it, and would adorn it."

Thomas Jefferson, the analytical logician, who, as we know, was not very friendly to Washington, has left this judgment of him: "His integrity was most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good and a great man."

When Patrick Henry returned home from the first Continental Congress, he was asked who was the greatest man in that body, he replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington, is by far the greatest man on that floor." When we remember that Patrick Henry spoke this before Washington had advanced to any national notoriety, we can but judge of his sincerity and truthfulness.

Even Thomas Conway, prime mover of the traitorous cabal at Valley Forge, when he believed himself on his death bed, and "just able," as he said, to hold the pen for a few minutes, "used them in writing to Washington of his 'sincere grief for having done, written or said, anything disagreeable.'" And he added, as if to avow his thorough repentance and conversion: "You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration and esteem of those States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues." This, coming from the man suppose to be his greatest enemy, is indeed the culminating tribute.

Byron, the greatest of poets, and the relentless enemy and exposure of sham and hypocrisiy—himself a martyr to his love of liberty on the shores of ill fated Greece—gave us these undying lines :

“Where may the wearied eye repose  
 When gazing on the great,  
 Where neither guilty glory glows,  
 Nor despicable state?  
 Yes, ONE—the first, the last, the best,  
 The Cincinnatus of the West,  
 Whom envy dared not hate—  
 Bequeath the name of Washington  
 To make men blush there was but one.”

John Marshall, whose name is as inseparably linked to the Constitution in construing, as Washington's in the making of it, with that judicial precision and clear-cut terseness which characterizes his every utterance, has summed up the services of Washington in these words: “It was the peculiar lot of this distinguished man; at every epoch when the destinies of his country seemed dependent on the measure adopted, to be called by the united voice of his fellow-citizens to those high stations on which the success of those measures principally depended.”

Light Horse Harry Lee has epitomized into a single immortal sentence, the life and character of Washington: “First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” Well said! And history bears testimony to its truth.

Other testimonials could be added, but surely this is enough. What was it then, my friends, that called forth such spontaneous praise from such great men of all nations? Was it magnetism? No. If there was a defect, and defect it be called in Washington's composition, he was inclined to be cold and impassive.

Was it pretension? And did he get credit for what he had not? No. That burning light which beats upon thrones, has for over one hundred years, tested its genuineness.

Was it chance or accident? Never. “No man,” says Carlyle, “becomes a saint in his sleep.” And there is no

greater fallacy than that which often attributes success in great things to luck.

Reputations are now and then wafted to a man, like thistle-down, for no better visible reason than that he happens to be out in the same wind with them. But in the long run the logic of cause and effect will vindicate itself; and though we do sometimes, for a season, have imposters and charlatans, sham heroes and mock saints, the blessed fact remains, that the winds of time and contest do at last blow away all the chaff from the great grain floor of humanity. Hemisphere does not cry aloud to Hemisphere about a hypocrite; nor do Nations rise up and praise the unworthy.

No, fellow countrymen; no, Washington's fame is safe. Built upon the everlasting rock of merit, neither anxious criticism, searching analysis, nor the lapse of time prevail against it; but more and more does it brighten with succeeding ages, and more and more, as we study and imitate, do its glorious precepts shine forth in letters of living light.

"All the ends he aimed at  
Were his Country's, his God's and Truth's."

The Encyclopædia Britannica, one of the latest authorities upon any subject, sums up the character of Washington in these words, which I believe is the judgment of mankind: "Of all men that ever lived, he was the greatest of good men and the best of great men."

Robert C. Winthrop, the cultured and scholarly orator, to whom I owe many of my quotations from the writings of Washington, and the opinions of great men, closed his magnificent oration on the completion of the Washington Monument, in these words: "The most elaborate and durable monuments may perish, but neither the forces of nature nor any fiendish crime of man can ever mar or mutilate a great example of public or private virtue. Our matchless Obelisk stands proudly before us to-day, and we hail it with the exultations of a united and glorious nation. It may or may not be proof against the cavils of critics, but nothing of human construction is proof against the casual-

ties of time. The storms of winter must blow and beat upon it. The action of the elements must soil and discolor it. The lightnings of heaven may sear and blacken it. An earthquake may shake its foundations. Some mighty tornado or resistless cyclone may rend its massive blocks asunder and hurl huge fragments to the ground. But the character which it commemorates and illustrates is secure. It will remain unchanged and unchangeable, in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will, more and more, command the homage of succeeding ages in all regions of the earth."

God be praised that character is ours forever.

One word more, my friends. I congratulate the Greenville Guards upon the selection of this day for their anniversary. One hundred and sixty-one years ago to-day, George Washington, in a plain Virginia farm house, unannounced and unheralded, came into this world. No better day could you have chosen for your celebrations than his birth-day. Nothing better for your character, nothing better to stir your patriotism and pride, than at each recurring year, to have the life and character of this matchless American held up to your view and admiration.

So, when other speakers more eloquent than I, appear before you year after year, let them always speak to you of Washington. They could not ask a better theme, nor could you find one more profitable. It never ends, it never tires, but is like our most valued flowers, which bloom perennially to gladden and to bless.

Let us not fall behind the outside world in knowledge and appreciation of our Highest and Best. Washington's character stands unparalleled on earth. Dwell upon it. Let us emulate and imitate as far as possible, his example and virtues, and be well assured that his fame will transmit his name to the remotest end of time, as WASHINGTON the GREAT.

## ROLL GREENVILLE GUARDS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Smyth, E. A., Captain.  
Conyers, W. P., First Lieutenant.  
Anderson, W. W., Second Lieutenant.  
Bentz, R. L. R., Third Lieutenant.  
Mercer, Rev. I. M., Lieutenant and Chaplain.  
Wilkerson, Dr. J. R., Lieutenant and Surgeon.  
Dargan, H. A., Quartermaster Sergeant.  
Speights, W. L., First Sergeant.  
Pope, T. H., Second Sergeant.  
Cureton, R. H., Third Sergeant.  
Morgan, A. R., Fourth Sergeant.  
Ambler, R. L., Color Sergeant.  
Stroud, S. L., First Corporal.  
Touchstone, W. E., Second Corporal.  
Beasley, C. C., Third Corporal.  
Thackston, H. Y., Fourth Corporal.

### PRIVATES:

Allen, W. L.	Green, L. L.
Bostick, J. W.	Hallman, W. L.
Bull, J. A.	Hammett, G. P.
Bruns, J. F.	Leach, M. B.
Butler, C. P.	Marchbanks, G. E.
Carter, R.	McDavid, I.
Collins, H. P.	McCullough, J. A.
Crookshanks, F. W.	Mitchell, J. F.
Cureton, A. L.	Nichols, F. E.
Davenport, L. M.	Rigby, C. S., Jr.
Davis, T. W., Jr.	Rogers, J. C.
Deal, J. S.	Russell, J. M.
Fahnestock, T. V. L.	Smith, C. A.
Ferguson, C. C.	Steel, J. A.
Gaston, C. E.	Watson, W. N.
	Williman, W. H.



## RESERVE MEMBERS:

Adger, J. E., Jr.	Maxwell, Jas. H.
Anderson, A. W.	Maxwell, J. H., M. D.
Ballenger, R. M.	McAlister, C.
Bates, E. F.	McBee, L. M.
Beattie, W. E.	McBee, A., Jr.
Birnie, J.	McPherson, R. G., Jr.
Blake, L. D.	Miller, G. R.
Bollin, E. M.	Orr, J. L.
Burgiss, W. W.	Orr, J.
Cagle, J. W.	Owen, E. B.
Capers, F. F.	Parker, L. W.
Cothran, T. P.	Rabb, C. W.
Cureton, J. S.	Richardson, J. F.
Earle, J. I.	Sirine, J. E.
Earnhardt, W. C.	Slattery, J.
Finlay, M. H.	Slattery, J., Jr.
Fitzgerald, J. C.	Smith, J. C.
Gates, A. A.	Smith, J. R.
Goldsmith, Wm., Jr.	Turner, J. T.
Gower, A. G.	Walker, C. C.
Haynsworth, H. J.	Watson, C. E.
Hockaday, J. B.	Whitmire, T. B.
Hoyt, J. A.	Whilden, W. G.
Lanneau, C. H.	Whitmire, B. T.
Lucas, E. R.	Williams, A. B.
Macbeth, Alex.	Williams, J. T.
Marshall, J. B.	

## HONORARY MEMBERS:

Ex-Captain J. W. Norwood.  
 Ex-Captain J. M. Patrick.  
 W. C. McGowan.  
 James Armstrong.







